

the lyre

the literary magazine of Jesuit High School
4701 N. Himes, Tampa, Florida

1981-1982 Volume 2

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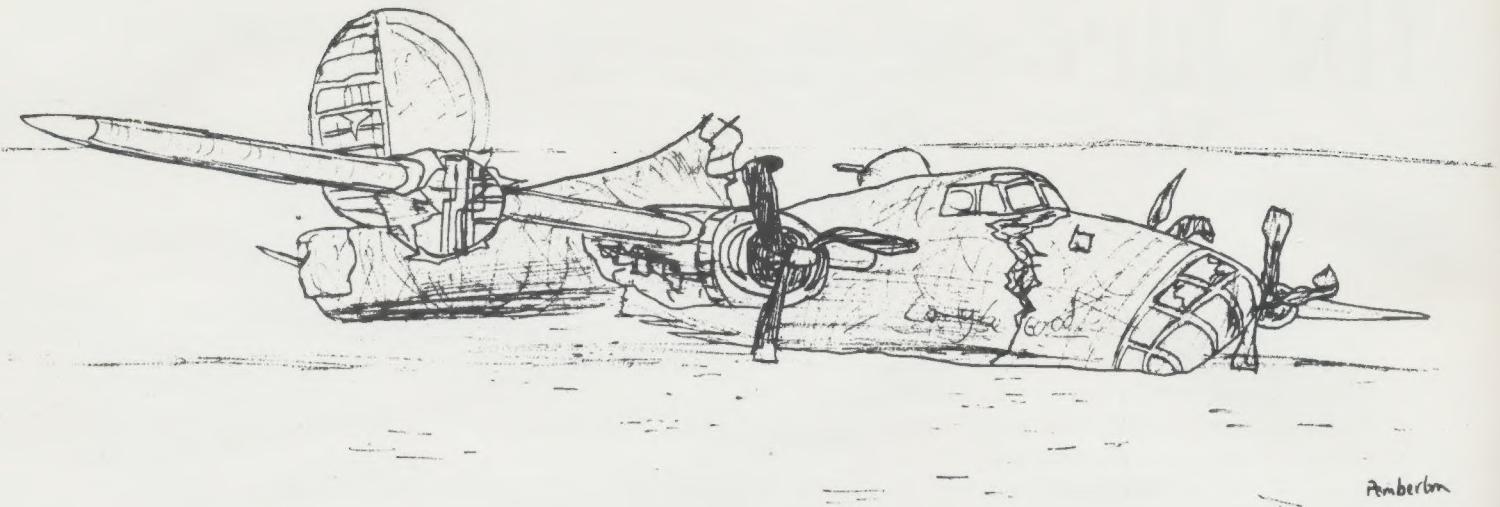
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THE STAFF

Len Boston (Editor-in-chief)
Jorge Esquirol
Marcelo Gonzalez
Sean McKenna
Jon Pannier
Dr. Paul Linnehan (Moderator)



★★★ Winner of the 1982 Poetry Award ★★★

The "Lady Be Good"

by Dennis Pemberton (senior)

Her form is shattered, this boxcar with wings,
A torn and crumpled remnant of a war long ago.
Rusting guns, flanked by steely belts of shells,
Hang pitiful and meaningless in disuse.
The pink skin along her pug nose is torn and
Flecked with silver chips.
The legend "Lady Be Good" is barely legible,
Its red script bleached nearly pink.
Her plexiglas canopy is yellow and cracked,
Opaque with age.
Her long, graceful wings have not lost their beauty,
But dysfunctional engines (one is gone) are
Tipped with bent and battered propellers.
She is broken in the middle.
Tail canted at a right angle, steel
And aluminum skin punctured, torn, wrinkled.
Her rudders, two pink ovals with torn fabric
Showing whitened steel bones, finish the battered
"Lady Be Good."
Her crew are ghosts of lost, tortured souls
In search of a desert oasis, nearby, but far away.
They have been swallowed up in the desert sands.

She was christened "Lady Be Good,"
Before that, B-24 "Liberator."
A steel Leviathan in her time, a thing to be
Marveled at, an object of awe and fear.
She is a steel fly, swatted and crushed
On the immortal and everchanging desert.
She is a forgotten token of a war long ago,
But will survive those who fought it.

Rest Stop

by Bill Sodeman (senior)

The rain had been falling for several hours when the car pulled into the rest stop. As the red Datsun eased into a parking space in front of the restrooms, the already heavy wind speeded up, carrying the rain along in an almost horizontal path. "Another," the driver said to himself. He opened his Thermos, and slowly drank the rest of his now cold coffee. He put the empty container on the empty passenger's seat, and looked at the storm. "Damn. May as well stay here for a while until the rain eases up." He looked at the quiet, sleeping figure huddled in the back seat, and he switched off the engine. He carefully turned on the radio, adjusting the volume to a barely audible level. Static hissed, despite the fact that the radio was scanning for any transmission. "Same as before," he thought. "Nothing. Nada. Nichts."

"We're down to our last tank of gas. Maybe I can find a car or two and siphon some. No more food left. And this storm won't let up enough so that we can get out of the car. May as well sit here and . . ."

The rain stopped. The driver started the engine and drove out of the rest stop as fast as the old Datsun could go. "Come on, MOVE! There's still time to get away from it before it goes off. I should have known what was happening. It was so obvious."

Just then, the car began to lose control, as if it were being blown towards the median by a hurricane. It tumbled off the road, and rolled into a cluster of pine trees. The car did not explode. Soon, the sky became dark. The stars lit the black sky. Millions of lights twinkled, for now nothing stood in their way.

Nothing moved.

TERRA — REQUIESCAT IN PACE

Strange Thing, a Hole

by Frank D. Mastandrea (senior)

Strange thing, a hole.
When I come upon a deep and dark one
A boyish instinct seems to lure me towards it.
When I stand and gaze at its depths
 I can't help dreaming of adventure.
I dream of being courageous, a hero.
Strange how boyish thoughts never
 leave the man.
The hole is tempting — it would be so
 safe to stay and hide in it.
I always walk away from the hole, though.
I can't help thinking, as I walk away,
 of when I was a boy.

It Has a Death-rattle

by Ben Stewart (senior)

It has a death-rattle. The great watery torso is murky and foul. The skin is scraped and bruised, blasted and torn. The wind and clouds about it blow with particles of death, never to be pure again. Tired, abused, energy-drained, the poor old creature, Earth, looks older than its four billion years. What happened to the beauty, the majesty, the vitality, the goodness?

If the universe contained some cosmic humane society, perhaps they would decide to put the thing out of its misery, like some great beast beyond recovery.

Cooke's Epitome

by Rodrigo Diaz (sophomore)

There is a place where everyone is an actor. They move about on the stage performing their roles with the utmost dedication and seeking to please the audience and the drama critics. At the end of a performance, when the curtains have closed, they gather at the stage front to take their bows and hear the applause of the audience.

One catch: everyone is an actor, so there is no audience to applaud, no critics to give praise, nothing but empty people fulfilling meaningless roles.

Ever Get Tired Of Writing Things That Make Sense?

by Len Boston (senior)

Well, another set of exams is over and I'm so used to staying up late studying that I'm not sleepy yet (even though it is midnight). I figure that as long as I'm awake and don't have anything to do, I can do something creative, like write a sequel to **War and Peace** or something. But I just don't feel creative, so I'm just going to let my pen have diarrhea all over the page.

I'm sitting here trying to think of something creative to write about and, in the process, I am having trouble thinking of something to write about.

I cleaned my room up this evening. Something just hit me out of nowhere and I got into the mood to do it. I guess it was the novelty of it that did it. You know, doing something you haven't done in a couple of years can be kind of exciting. After about two or three hours of cleaning my room, I went and watched Johnny Carson and tried to remember some of the jokes from his monologue. (I don't usually watch his show.)

Earlier, when I was cleaning my room, I found a picture of myself from the time I won the high jump on field day in fourth grade. That's the only real first place ribbon I've ever won.

I don't know what I'll do tomorrow. I need some money, so maybe I'll go work for this lady I know. I'm glad I'm going to be so rich someday. It'll be fun to buy things without worrying about how much they cost.

I've been to a car show, used to take violin lessons, all the old people in my family are in pretty bad shape, and I got a little pinball machine for Christmas a couple of years ago. (You know my great-grandparents have been married seventy-six, or is it seventy-seven, years?)

My electric clock is making a funny noise as it runs and I'm sitting here wondering why I started writing this thing. My pen didn't take off and keep going like it was supposed to.

Now I'm starting to get tired. I just noticed the stack of games in my closet and the stack of newspapers on my dresser.

All the model cars I have built are in a cabinet. They're just sitting there as they did in the store before I bought them, except now they are put together and painted, so all they can do is sit. Maybe I can get somebody to admire them someday. I could've today, but I didn't think of it.

You know, the curtains in my room stay closed most of the time. Maybe there is some deep psychological reason behind it, or maybe they're just hard to get to.

Well, I'm starting to get tired again, so I guess I'll go to bed now.

Good Night

From the Diary of Jim Skully

by Marcelo Gonzalez (senior)

PRELUDE

Jim Skully, a Vietnam war veteran, returns home as an honored hero only to find that his life has fallen apart. His wife left him for his best friend. He lost his job. And he, in a quarrel over opposing philosophies of war, accidentally kills his son. Jim decides to start a new life in Europe. On the journey, he crosses the mysterious Bermuda Triangle and is trapped forever in a lost prehistoric world. Depending only on his instincts to survive, he becomes one of the great barbaric legends, Skull the Slayer.

This is an excerpt from the personal thoughts of Jim Skully which he has recorded in a notebook that he has saved from the real world. It contains his ideas from when he was in deep contemplation.

#

... I am at the end of my diary; I have almost no more paper. I have given great thought as to what I could write. It has been a long time since I last wrote.

I've LIVED here so long; I don't even know what year this is. I, a once "civilized" man, seem to feel troubled and frustrated when I contemplate my identity. Am I the man who was educated in fine schools, who has an excellent war record for serving his country in 'Nam, and who had all a man could want — a wife, kids, health? Or am I the man who lives like a savage, fighting every day for survival in a land that time forgot? Or am I both?

Can I be both?

I am a victim of circumstances: I did not want to be here. But if I were to go back to the civilized world now, I am afraid that I could not cope with it.

I have not lost my intellect. I have not lost my emotions. But I have lost my home — not only my house and family and country, but also that basement and sense of security that a civilized man requires. Even if I could go back, I could not get it back: I've been here too long; I am too old — I can't change again.

This jungle world is my home now — this world that needs not civilized beings, but beings who live on instinct — the Darwin instinct: the instinct to survive!

I need to know my identity. It scares me to think about what I am worth or who I am without one. Could I be nothing? What am I, a man or a savage?

I still believe there is a God. Does he know? Does he care?

I think he does. (I HOPE he does.)

I have no more paper.

HEAVEN HELP ME!

(signed) Skully

—dedicated to the Marvel bullpen, the creators of Skull the Slayer.

Reflections

by Kent Chen (junior)

Trodding down a quiet stretch of beach
I view the beautiful sapphire surface of the ocean,
Reflecting the light of the sun like the points of a diamond.
I feel the granules of sand crunch and shift under my feet.
And removing my hands from the warm water, I reflect
About the drop of water clinging to the surface of my hand.
I think it has existed from the beginning of time.
It has been through much in its long existence.
It has seen the dark, deep death of the depths and
seen also the beautiful, bountiful life near the surface
of a coral reef.
It has evaporated, traveling high over continents,
and gone through lakes and rivers.
It has been with the currents going around the world.
It has once been part of now dead organisms
and it has been frozen in ice packs.
Now that same little drop of water rests silently on my hand.
I shake it off into the ocean where I see my reflection
As I watch the flaming sunset go below the horizon.
I get up and slowly trudge home.
I am thirsty for water.

Still, calm, mirroring.
Disturbed . . . circular rippling.
Still, calm, mirroring.

by Kyle Prue (senior)

Moving through the trees
Drifting across the water
Felt but not seen . . . heard?

by Kyle Prue (senior)

Where Is It?

by Jason Rodriguez (senior)

I am always looking
On the dark side.
The dark side of life,
The dark side of love.
Usually I am lonely,
For I am always lost.
With a little confusion
I'll pick myself up,
I'll direct myself,
Trying to start over again.
I am always looking
For the other side.



by Mike Groff

Death of a Goldfish

by Chris Gregory (junior)

Call me Slobovian — my parents did, or nearly did. My real name is Eric. I am a rather successful journalist in Outer Mongolia because of an exceptionally good education.

I was brought up in Dubuque, a beautiful city in itself, unless of course you consider that the atmosphere is pure chlorine gas. I remember the summers, filled with laughter, happiness, and death, and the winters, so cold, callous, and fun. But the best part of Dubuque was the high school.

Happy-Good High School was situated on the highest hill in the world. It was a monumental structure, built so it seemed to resemble some sort of godliness or other. I really enjoyed it there. That's why I'm significant.

But I've always wondered about that word — significant. I remember that in chemistry we learned about significant digits. And the whole time that I went to school they told us that someday we'd all be someone — a something — something significant. So I always pictured myself as a big zero between a four and an eight. If it wasn't for them, the zero — I — would be insignificant. I guess one day I'll write a tribute to the four and the eight — about how they made me what I am. And one day I'll win an Emmy or an Oscar or a cheese sandwich, and I'll make my acceptance speech:

"I'd like to thank my landlord, my mother, and my toast-r-oven. But most of all, I'd like to thank the four and the eight for making me what I am . . ."

Speaking of school, I really did not have too much to offer academically. My teachers often compared me mentally to celery sticks, and one time my English teacher said that I was almost as smart as the paper I could almost write my name on. I was impressed.

I wasn't much of an athlete. But I was on the rug hockey team. We usually won about half of our games. Mother once ate the rug, so we had to forfeit.

Specifically, the only thing I remember from my freshman year was that my father was trampled in a quail stampede. My sophomore and junior years were very uneventful. Yet somehow I still find reason to think that they really existed. My mother insists, between swallows of shag carpet, that they were a dream.

My goldfish died today. I really could not understand it. I was taking him for a walk and all of a sudden he started flinching and putting his fins around his throat. I even tried CPR, but his little eyes just rolled into his head and then he threw up his intestines.

Today I got a memo:

FROM: Happy-Good High School
TO: All Alumni

We regretfully inform you that your Alma Mater, being situated in such a precarious position, was crushed into nothingness today. The hill collapsed. We've sent you a sample of the ash.

Inside was a pile of ash and a rock labeled "Room 207."

I got another memo today:

Congratulations! You've been chosen for this year's Nobel Prize for literature. Please respond.

I responded:

Thank you. I'd like to show my appreciation for the four and the eight for making me what I am. Please give the money to the Happy-Good High School Rebuilding Fund. Please send me a cheese sandwich.

— Thank you,
Eric

Families are forever . . . just like oil.

by Len Boston (senior)

Beowulf

by Matt Haitz (senior)

After the vigorous battle
Beowulf let out a tremendous bellow.
He had beaten the beast with his bulky body.
With his powerful grip he had ground the arm
of Grendel.
He had disgraced the demon that flew in a frenzy
Back to his lair, baffled and lame.
Grendel was raging, perturbed, protesting revenge.
One late dark night, the demon loomed;
Grendel stalked the ground with his gait.
Physically fit for battle and belligerent,
The beast headed for the hall where Beowulf boasted.
This atrocious animal arrived at the hall
And wasted three warriors with the wring of his hand.
He hammered down the door of the hall
With one bashing blow.
The monster mutilated the masses by malicious
maneuvers.
Beowulf arrived after the onslaught.
Then Beowulf and the beast clashed in combat.
They wrestled in wrath till both were weary.
The blood came pumping out of Beowulf's back,
When Grendel gave him a grueling gore.
This wound was wicked, and fractured the flesh.
The beast's teeth tore vigorously
Into the vulnerable back of brave Beowulf.
Beowulf was hopelessly helpless in the claws
Of the culprit Grendel.

Rodents, Rodents Everywhere

by Chris Gregory (junior)

Many moons ago, when men were women and doors were too, there was a book. It was a fascinating book, chockful of tasty tidbits of information. And from this book one could learn such relevant things as: How to simultaneously shave glass and juggle large-breasted Siamese women; How to make brick croquots and lasagne à la sheet metal bordelaise. And, of course, it tried to answer that looming question: "What is an Elk?"

A few less than many suns ago, I picked up a copy of the book, and found it tremendously fascinating. I spent weeks upon weeks, upon years upon years discovering the secrets of Montana's bat population, and about tree bark: home of the waterbug. By and by I found that I was the most knowledgeable of all my friends concerning all these things. And every one of my peers was astounded at the speed with which I could recite facts about the splinter nymph of northern Utah. I became popular.

But with all this knowledge, I still pondered on that age-old puzzle, "What is an Elk?"

And so I sat there. There I sat pondering the fundamental basis of Elkdom. Finally, I came to the conclusion that eldkdom was some type of unexplainable torture. Obviously to me, some cruel being had placed the elk here with no real purpose in mind. As if in total obliviousness to the elk's feelings he placed him here.

Why?

On a bright sunny international elk day, the antler bomb was dropped. The antler bomb is a sinister device developed by the Soviets that unleashes thousands of rabid gerbils programmed to break off any elk antlers. It kills them. Unfortunately, since it was elk day, everyone across the world, including the soviets, was wearing elk garb. Millions of innocent people, having donned their antler hats, were mistaken for misfit elks . . .

I too, a conformist in my own right, had put on my elk attire and was approached by 3,000 hungry-looking gerbils. But remembering all the relevant information that I gathered from the book, I quickly devised a plan of defense . . .

There I stood, juggling three large-bosomed Siamese women, shaving glass, and, while timing the lasagne à la sheet metal bordelaise, I recited the facts and figures about the bats of Montana, and the splinter nymph of northern Utah.

The rodents weren't the least bit amused.

They attacked my antlers mercilessly.

We all died.

Woe to those who shall live here after this.

The book survived.

It wasn't wearing antlers.

-end

The Forever War

by Jay Drews (senior)

I am a soldier now, in the ranks of the Dominion. Our forces are strong, and we are ready for battle. Unfortunately, there will always be battles because evil exists everywhere, but after each battle a marvelous peace prevails, and we can rejoice in triumph.

The last battle was my first, and it was fought before I was aware I was a participant. It was painful for me since it brought about the end of my existence and the beginning of my life. At first, I did not know that these battles even existed; I thought that those who believed in them were lunatics, but now I know.

It all began when my thoughts were confused and my spirit was weak:

It was another dreary May morning; as I gazed out the window of the tram, I felt that I had seen all of these scenes before back in America. The grey sky offered little illumination to the streets below where the proletarians continued their drab day-by-day existence. I saw the Neo-Christians preaching their doomsongs to the street workers. This was a sample of the low life. This social dichotomy existed all over the globe; the upper class lived like gods while the lower class strained to live at all. These people would always live this way; they had no future, only an everlasting painful present.

The tram pulled into the deluxe office complex, and I got off there. I had been in this building before, so I found the office without much searching. It was the office of Mr. John C. Revel, the Regional Vice-President of Media Screening for the General London Area.

After scanning my I.D. card, the computer opened the door revealing a very lavish office. From the bar at one end to the large throne-like armchair behind the marble desk in the center to the huge video-communications unit at the other end, perfection reigned. I'll have to admit, my old friend J.C. was rich.

As I scanned his office, a servant entered. "Would you like a drink from the bar, sir?" he asked.

"No, no," I said. "I never touch a drop when I'm on an assignment."

"Very well, sir. Mr. Revel will be here shortly," he added as he turned and left as quickly as he came.

The view from his picture window was excellent. I could see practically the whole city; the tall streamlined buildings jutting from the drab and confused ground below were awe-inspiring.

"I've stared into the city hours on end before, but nowadays there is not much to see," J.C. Revel commented as he entered.

"How are you doing, old buddy?" I asked warmly.

"I'm doing fine as you can see, but how are you? Are you still teaching karate?" he asked somewhat jokingly.

"No, I'm not," I said, feigning anger. "Seriously, though, I'm with the C.I.A. now and am on official business, I'm afraid." I was still looking out of the window; there seemed to be some kind of a demonstration going on down below. "What's going on down there?"

The Vice-President strolled over to the window and looked out. "Times are not good, as you know," he

(cont. on pg. 12)

Our Challenge in the 80's

by Pat Liang (junior)

There are many challenges for us in the 80's. World peace, the energy crisis, inflation, pollution, and nuclear waste are on the top of our agenda.

World peace is a determining factor for our future as a nation. Throughout the 80's our goal is to strive towards eternal peace among all nations. For years now, the U.S. and Russia have had an arms race. In the 80's our challenge is to try to negotiate with Russia on our differences and conflicts, and to be able to do that, we need strong and effective leadership. In the 80's we will have three presidential elections, in which the U.S. will try to find the leaders we have been searching for throughout the years. World peace is not just a dream, it must become our goal.

Another challenge awaiting us in the coming decade is the energy crisis. The gas supplies of the U.S. are depleted. Our gas problems are complicated by the oil conflicts. The situation has reached a critical stage, and will get worse unless we all make an effort in the coming years. Our challenge is to cut down on consuming gas and oil. We should try to drive less and carpool more. If we all do that in the 80's, Iran and other OPEC countries can keep their oil. Some other solutions are solar and geothermal energy. Gasohol could also play a big part in our future.

Inflation is a thorn stuck in America's side. Some say to control federal spending, retain Federal Reserve System and cut taxes while establishing regulatory reforms. Others say to amend the Constitution to restrain federal spending. The truth of the matter is that there is no single solution. One sure-fired way of helping our economy is to cut down our oil consumptions. We need faith in our government's

leaders in the 80's to help us avoid a second depression.

The quality of a good life depends in large measure on how a man reacts to his natural environment. We cannot destroy one without diminishing the other. In his book **The Quality of Life**, James Michener makes this poignant plea which has been expressed in other words, other ways by a whole nation of new environmentally conscious citizens. Pollution has been a problem throughout the history of the U.S. Factories and industries have all but destroyed our environment. Technology hopefully will find new ways of releasing excess waste. Our clean air which we breathe every second of the day is too precious to lose. This is one of our biggest challenges in the future.

Without warning, the second nuclear era has begun. For six days the U.S. saw a bubble build up at Three Mile Island threatening to cause a great hydrogen gas explosion that would spread radiation into the atmosphere. When the bubble disappeared, the danger subsided; the nuclear future still seemed grave. Will the incident ever happen again? Where? What will be the effects? These and many other questions will likely be answered in the coming years. Some people suggest a special Commission be formed to inspect all the nuclear reactors in the U.S. Also, the employees at the reactor plants should be trained very cautiously in case of human error. This challenge for the U.S. can be met.

There are many challenges for us in the 80's but each of them has solutions. There is lots of hope that we can overcome all our troubles, and many people feel we can. We should all work hard to face and carry out the challenges in the 80's to make a better world.

A Unicorn

by Steven LoCicero (senior)

What is this beast so snowy white
that shines forth in the darkest night?
It can't be seen with outward eyes,
But within the innocent it shyly lies.
It is known by the sight of its single horn,
For Freedom and Love is your unicorn.

Have You Heard?

by Domenick Ginex (senior)

Have you heard?
Have you heard?
Love is the word.
The Fab Four sang it in every witty ditty.
As our minds develop, see it vanish from the city.
Simon sang out loud 'bout the "neon god they made."
We're becoming automatic, every aspect, every trade.
And though time continues, most old things hold true.
Love is the word. I believe it — do you?

Love Is More

by Len Boston (senior)

Love is more than can be written or said.
It is more than can be felt.
Love is more than staying up late to write a special letter.
It is more than falling asleep and dreaming about only one.
Love is more than spending the day together.
It is more than worrying about the future.
Love is more than waiting and waiting to see someone.
It is more than confessing faults.
Love is more than being able to talk openly.
It is more than mutual trust and friendship.
Love is more than comfort in a time of need.
It is more than a kiss.
Love is more than a "good-bye" that doesn't work.
But love is nothing more than you.



by Mike Groff

Gray, twisted, and gnarled
Looming as a reminder . . .
Of the seasons past.

by Kyle Prue (senior)

Is This the Way It's Supposed to Be?

by Mark Schurr (junior)

Is this the way it's supposed to be?
Together at last, you take your leave.
I have dreams of us together below
The warmth of the sun . . .
wine just begun.

Loneliness creeps upon lovers apart.
For me, at least, it's captured my heart.
I have dreams of us together where
Sparkling waters run . . .
wine just begun.

Is this the end? I pray it be not
Another fallen
Another caught.

I want you here, I miss you so much.
I long to hear your voice
To feel your touch
For you, my dear, a victim of love
For you, my dear, in search of.

We live our early years in bliss.
As we grow older, things change.
It's not that people get worse,
It's just that we begin to see
them as they really are.
We must learn to treasure these
early years.
Later they may be all we have.

by Len Boston (senior)

Those Eyes

by Dan R. Comiskey, Jr. (junior)

It seems one cannot understand my plight,
For I fear my thoughts run deep tonight;
So deep as to cloud my mind,
To cause unrest, and render blind
Those eyes which saw the world as kind.

Yes, those eyes once viewed the world as kind,
Yet now no kindness can they find.
So long endeavored in their quest
To encounter this objective lest
Life prove to be a foolish jest.

★★★ Winner of the 1982 Fiction Award ★★★

Bureed Trezre

by Daniel Vilmure (junior)

A motionless body, face down in the Atlantic waters, washed ashore the soft white Florida coast in the dwindling darkness of early morning. As the rising tide brought the corpse to rest upon the beach, the pressure of its weight created neat impressions in the sand. The foreign peaks and valleys of its face were sculpted into the shore, as were the long, furrowed indentations of its stagnant limbs. Soon the sun rose in full visibility and the shifting tide tugged at the anchored mass of flesh, managing to turn it clumsily on its back so it lay beside its own sandy image. Men and women who walked past the body, blankets and suntan lotion stuffed roughly beneath their arms, grunted callously at the ashen, dehydrated hue of the once dark-skinned creature, stiffening with death, seeming to arch toward the sun as if pleading for deliverance. At the sight of hungry scavengers digging about its open wounds, several beachcombers either spat or pitched their cigarettes, mumbling about those sad refugees.

It was difficult to tell whether or not this one was a man or a woman, though close scrutiny would have indicated the male gender. Passersby, so numb to the monthly, sometimes weekly human harvest gathered by the sea and deposited on their beach front property, no longer paused to closely scrutinize, no longer bothered to phone the city immigration officials, no longer cared.

A severe famine ravaging a politically torn island nation off the coast of Florida sent millions of stern-faced skeletons sailing toward America; millions of scrambling rats chambering onto boats and rafts, crafts too brittle, waters too wide. And of the six million in flight, hundreds of thousands had reached liberty's shore, their faces tearless, their dreams silent, their bodies still and decadent on some pearly white backyard.

This particular summer morning a group of neighborhood kids, hearing of the refugee, hopped upon their ten-speeds and pedaled to the spot. Younger children, unable to ride, slipped on their flip-flops and flew as fast as they could to the center of excitement. Their parents, who had long ago rationalized that curiosity was difficult to restrain on such a regular basis, no longer held them back. The sea harvest of starving souls, the early morning shadows, dead and bloody on the shore, were considered commonplace, a rite of passage. Subsequently, P.T.A.'s and local newspapers suggested parents let their children see for themselves rather than allow young, active imaginations to harbor darker, more disturbing thoughts. Even the local minister had stressed the same parental lenience, explaining that the young ones might more appreciate God and America by gazing at the visages of discontented, now dead foreigners.

And so the children arrived, their bikes tangled in a jungle of metal behind them as they formed a silent circle around the refugee. They were afraid to speak, tempted to giggle as they sniffled and swallowed and absorbed the morbid image before them. A little girl began to cry, then moan.

Her older brother shook her gently by the shoulder and whispered in her ear, "Shhhhhh! Hush, now . . . you said you wanted to see."

"I know," she bawled. "I'm sorry!"

Heads turned.

Her brother pleaded, his pride at stake, "Shhhhhh!"

A chorus of laughter erupted.

"Ba-by!" someone jeered playfully.

"Am not!" she retorted, her fist clenched. "It's just so . . . sad."

The laughter died.

"We could do something," someone said.

"What?"

"I dunno."

A seagull's sudden strident scream shattered the serenity and sent half of them into the air, and as their embarrassed electric hum hushed back into silence, one particularly shaken little boy pointed at the cadaver and cried, "He moved! He moved! I swear to gawd he moved!"

They shivered.

Two taller boys began to discuss the situation, somewhat calmer than the rest.

"Bet he's alive, Jimmy," said one slyly. "Bet he's alive like that kid says."

"Shut up," Jimmy answered. "You don't know what-chur talkin' about. ANYONE can see he's dead, just look at them bugs all over him. You think if he was alive he'd let all those bugs crawl all over him?"

"I wouldn't."

"Damn right," Jimmy concluded. "And look at his stomach. If he was alive it'd be pumpin' up and down, up and down. Is it pumpin' up and down?"

He avoided the question. "Well, maybe he's subconscious."

"Yeah," Jimmy sneered sarcastically. "Maybe."

The morning drew on into afternoon and few of the children left, afraid to make a cowardly departure. Instead, they all sat cross-legged on the sand, their tiny faces reddening beneath the soft touch of the sun. Gradually they felt more and more comfortable in the presence of their silent coffee-colored friend, waiting for the "city people" to come and take him away. Yet when suppertime arrived and no one had come for their acquaintance, they dashed home and darted madly back, settling down around him as if he emitted a campfire's soothing warmth, explaining to their worried parents that they wanted to say goodbye.

But the goodbyes never came.

Nor did the city people.

All that remained was the night, and it crept across the Atlantic in a moribund mist, rolling silent, growing dense as the sun descended, blowing across the lowering eyelids of the spellbound children, bringing the (continued)



Thin, delicate wings
Not following a planned course
Tossed by a zephyr.

by Kyle Prue (senior)

New leaves,
Pure, soft, green, and bright,
open up into a world of grief,
but know it not.

by Len Boston (senior)

Rain comes and refreshes the earth.
But sometimes rain doesn't come for a long while
And the land dries.
It quits bearing for those who have sown.
And sometimes the rain is hard:
It helps at first, then begins to destroy everything.
But the land wouldn't exist without the rain.

by Len Boston (senior)

Bureed Trezur (continued)

notions of sleep to their minds, bringing the football of parents to their side, who gathered them up, soft and warm within their arms, carried them home and undressed them and pulled a blanket over their sunburnt chests.

And night settled deep, smothered in gray.

Two whispering, indistinguishable figures scurried swiftly down the dunes with flashlights in their small hands and determined, defiant grins on their faces. Coming to the corpse they knelt beside it, and the flashlights clicked off. There was laughter, brief and silenced, and the sibilant sound of digging.

Their voices hissed low in the mist, ricocheting playfully against the midnight waves as they discussed their plans.

"You sure they said them city people'd be coming to haul him off in the morning?"

"Uh-huh. Terry's mom said it and so did mine. She said that Mr. Tyler called 'em up raising all kinda hell and they said they'd be down real early so he wouldn't hafta smell it while he eats his breakfast."

"It don't smell **that** bad."

"Nope."

"They said 'real early'?"

"Uh-huh."

"Then we'd better get moving."

"You said it."

"Keep it small?"

"Nah, great big so's they won't know he's underneath the sand."

"A castle?"

"Maybe—but a mountain'd be best."

"Like the others?"

"Yeah . . ."

Scraping, digging, the gritty sound of excavation filled the night air. Sand slapped down upon flesh, sand slapped down upon sand, salt-watered hands patted the sand into mud, and two children sighed and schemed and labored diligently beneath the light of the moon. Slowly and steadily the refugee's dark flesh disappeared beneath layers of wet sand until a mountain of mud shown in the moonlight where he once had rested, with these words scribbled in a child's rough penmanship on the mound's hardening side:

BUREED TREZURE

With their midnight endeavors complete the young night phantoms vanished.

And morning came.

Arriving and gathering one by one around the mound, knowing smiles teased the children's chapped lips. Fully aware of why the night phantoms had buried the refugee, they sat patiently on his sandy tomb until the city people arrived, and only then, when the officials' inquisitive heads rose above a distant dune, did the children mobilize. They began to wrestle about the tomb, dance about the tomb, play King of the Mountain upon the tomb.

(cont. on pg. 17)

Lady Macbeth, I Hear You Callin' (Plus Two)

by Doug Rowell (senior)

(To the Tune of "Beth")

Lady Macbeth, I hear you callin',
but I can't come home right now
'cause me and the troops are fightin'
and besides you smell like a cow.
Just a few more hours, and I'll be right home
to you.
Well, you can polish the throne tonight, babe,
but what you really need's a shave.
You really need a shave.
You say you feel so empty, that our castle
just ain't a home,
I'm always with someone else, and you're always
at home alone.
"It's not fair," you sing. Well, what do you mean?
It's all fair 'cause I'm the king.
It's great to be the king.
Well, baby, I know you're lonely,
but that's just your tough luck
'cause Macduff and I done fought it out,
and can you guess who done got stuck?
That's right, I done got stuck.

(To the Tune of "Take It On The Run")

Well . . .
Heard it from Rosencrantz
Who heard it from Guildenstern
Who read on a bathroom wall . . .
They say you got a girlfriend,
You're out late every weekend,
You sit in your carriage and neck Ophelia.
People say you're crazy,
But I know you're just spacey
'Cause your mama don't love ya
and your daddy's dead.

(To the Tune of "Oliver's Army")

Well . . .
Malcolm's army is here today,
Malcolm's army is here to stay.
When I saw those bushes movin',
I thought I's goin' crazy.
But now I know I'm all right
even though I died last night.
Malcolm's army is here today,
Malcolm's army is here to stay,
and I'll do anything in English class
for three extra-credit points.

The Forever War (continued)

started. "Ever since the war scare a couple of years back, the people of Europe, and probably America too, have been in turmoil. As the monitor of the media, I hear all the news every day and I assure you we have big problems. Take the demonstration down there; those are the Neo-Christians. Their influence and power has become greater than that of all other churches because of the bad times. They say that the end of the world is approaching rapidly."

"You don't believe all that hogwash about the beast coming and spreading terror and death until the glorious Heavenly Host marches down from the sky to bring destruction and death to huge kingdoms that worship this beast, do you?" I said melodramatically.

"In this world anything could happen," he replied, "but this end-of-the-world stuff is a bit far-fetched for me also. Although, apparently, many people believe this since the Neo-Christians are so predominant."

"It's all crazy to me. I just don't understand what is going on."

"So, to change the subject, how long have you been with the C.I.A.?"

"This is my fifth year now, and I have advanced in rank at a rapid pace, if I do say so myself."

"Life must be exciting now that you go on all your secret missions and everything," he joked again.

"Well," I sighed, "it's not as great as you may think, but that's not far from the truth. As I said before, I am on official business now, and it is classified."

"You still haven't told me why you are here, or is that classified too?" he quipped.

"I can tell you that, but that is all. I had to get in touch with someone who knew what was going on over here, and since we've always been good friends, I recommended to my superiors that I contact you. You must be one of the most knowledgeable businessmen in current political affairs over here, and you are a minimal security risk."

"I'll take that as a compliment, thank you."

"To get down to business, how much do you know about the situation in the Soviet Union?"

"That is hard to say. I was hoping that you wouldn't ask that, for I don't have a whole lot of information — probably less than you already know."

"Just tell me all you can, John."

"Again, it started with the war scare. Obviously many of the high Soviet officials were as afraid as the rest of the world, so they ousted the leader and set up a three-man rule. This buckled under to the chaos and turmoil due to the struggle for power in the upper ranks. This continued for a couple of years until, just recently, some new guy came into power. It was at this time that all the information that normally trickled from within the nation stopped except for a few bits and pieces of knowledge we get from our inside guys."

"What was learned?"

"Apparently, this leader is shaping up the country very nicely — for them, that is. He seems to have everyone's support to do anything he wishes. This is only a shadowy picture of what is going on in there, but frankly, I'm scared."

I stood silently pondering what was just related.

(cont. on pg. 16)

Olly-Ox-In-Free

by Daniel Vilmure (junior)

The sidewalk sizzled with summer and the doors were all open
Open far and wide
Hissing like a spider on a starving web of emptiness
Won't you come inside?
The ladies of the neighborhood sat on their porch swings swinging
Swinging easily
Little children singing on a corner by the highway's heat
Olly-ox-in-free!
And the always pried secrets sighed heavily for the world to hear
Only to be gone too soon
Two romantics danced sweet, high on the street in a wave of love
Fluttering for the moon

The sidewalks froze as winter rose and the door shut thick and tight
Tight to kill the cold
Fading like a shadow on a spirit spent with death
Don't you grow too old
Old ladies of the neighborhood bent by the window singing
Singing soft and low
Where my little children singin' olly-ox-in-free
Tell me where'd you go?
And the always tried memories died silent for the world to lose
Only to be lost too soon
And two romantics danced one night, high on the street in a wave of love
Fluttering for the moon

The Cycle

by Daniel R. Comiskey, Jr. (junior)

In living, we realize love;
In loving, we realize pain;
In pain, we realize death;
In dying, we realize life.

When a Child

by Jon Pannier (junior)

When a child is but an infant his love reaches no farther than
the mother that feeds him and the father that provides for him.
When a child becomes an adolescent he finds that his feelings
of love are confused with his feelings of hate, so much so that
often the two are indistinguishable.
When a child grows into adulthood love becomes a mask behind which
he hides his ruthless drive to get ahead.
When a child becomes an old man he becomes saddened at the realization
that he lived a life without ever experiencing the feeling of love.

ROMAN PUNKS: AN IN-DEPTH LOOK AT LATIN II

by Robert Wilson and Sean McKenna (sophomores)

On Friday, the last day of the semester, all had gone well. It was day five, a fair day in the way of free periods, and I had my sights set on an excellent weekend. I breezed through biology, geometry and history, and then, lunch time. The first respite in a long morning of studying was here. I waited eagerly to see what Cafe Vicki had whipped up for us. When I entered the cafeteria, the smell and lack of line hit me. I knew in an instant that it was her famous veal patties. Thank God I had brought my lunch.

Upon finishing my lunch, I made sure that I had done my theology homework. Finding that this task had been previously accomplished, I let out a sigh of relief, and walked toward Building Two. I figured that if I could make it through theology, I'd be okay. I was wrong, because after theology, I checked my schedule. Then I realized the horror, and I loosed a scream of agony that would have drowned out an artillery barrage. The reason — I faced the living Hell — LATIN CLASS!

Sure, Latin was okay when there was a good ol' Don Bosco filmstrip on the agenda. I frantically checked the calendar to see if there was a major feast day on tap. As I expected, there was none, only a feast day of some minor saint. Now my worst fears were confirmed. I had ten lines of Latin to translate for homework and I hadn't done it. I searched my bookbag — no Latin book, and no one in the library had one either. I said to myself, "The day started well, but now its gone to Hell. It's the worst it could've been because I haven't done my Latin." After I produced this rhetoric, the bell was three seconds from ringing. This was the worst day since my dog Bruiser was beaten up by a marauding band of Renegade Mormon cows in Jiggs, Nevada (Population: 6). Then the bell rang, and my shouts were drowned out by the primal screams of other Latin II students. I knew I was not alone in this horrid situation.

As I entered the classroom, eyeing the passage I was supposed to translate, I noticed that the Pandora's Box of Latin II had already been ruptured. I looked about the room and saw familiar sights. One student was engrossed in his new pornographic magazine. Another group was intent on launching an aerial assault with today's homework and selected sheets of the 1982 edition of **Prayer for Priests**. Our teacher (who will be labeled Claudius Ossenflipper for various reasons) was sitting at his desk saying the rosary and sipping a steaming hot cup of coffee. It seemed as though this would be another ordinary day in Latin II. Suddenly, the bell rang, and a devilish laugh was emitted — I knew the aerial assault would soon be underway. The first wave was shot down with a red pen. The next impetus was wiped out with a Latin III book, and the entire third wave was destroyed by a book of Latin Christmas Carols. So far, the class was proceeding in an ordinary fashion.

After the noise had died out, "Buddha" Mooney, one of the commanders of the air attack, was called up to give an extemporaneous speech on the social implications of translating Latin Christmas Carols into Hebrew. After an interesting speech on this fascinating topic by a fellow debator, we fell into a discussion of the historical implications of the Rape of the Sabine Women, and the contributions of Caligula's reign to modern American vice.

Suddenly, "Buddha" whipped out the coup de grace, that is, the **Second Year Latin** book itself. Leaning back in his chair, the bright green projectile in his hand, the wild new-waver began the count down. At the conclusion of this, all Hell broke loose as he hurled the green missile forward with force and violence unprecedented in Roman pseudohistory. Claudius shrieked and ducked under the podium. The ICBM (intra-classroom ballistic missile) hurtled into a porcelain statuette of Mary on Claudius' desk. The impact caused a thunderous noise, but in a miraculous way, the statue remained unscathed! This exploit merited "Buddha" a PH Award.

After "Buddha's" childish endeavor, it was time for the handing back of Thursday's pop quiz. Claudius paced around the room with a stack of papers under his burly arm. With methodical precision, he began announcing the grades: "Smith — 85, Poznowski — 100, McIntyre — 100, Oedipus — 90, Busto — negative 23, Little — negative 23. Hey, you guys must have copied off each other. Busto, at least your grade is higher than your I.Q. Ruskin — nice artwork, bad score. You got a 12."

Following the quiz scores, Claudius said, "Turn to Section 134 in your books. The title is: **CAESAR AND HIS BUDDIES MAKE A PIT STOP ON THE FRENCH RIVIERA**." At this announcement, we began turning to section 134. This task was performed with a minimum of noise as we waited in tense anticipation for the critical translation to follow.

When all had reached the assigned section, Claudius exclaimed, "McIntyre, translate line ten." After Frank's shock had worn off, he began to translate. "And then, after a long march, Caesar and his buddies hit the bars on the Riviera to . . ." Frank paused, then asked in a state of confusion, "What does 'vim raperunt multas feminas' mean?" Claudius replied, "That is your homework. You should know it. Busto, what does 'vim raperunt multas feminas' mean?" Busto replied, "I don't know, for mine own part it's all Greek to me." While Busto chuckled to himself, he failed to notice that Claudius had heaved a Latin dictionary at him. He also failed to notice it when it hit him. Claudius chuckled sickly at his athletic prowess. He was also pleased that he had the aim to hit Busto's fat head.

Suddenly, Claudius realized his mistake. He had lost his weapon, and Busto capitalized on this. Not since the Zulu wars had such a scream been emitted. Busto catapulted from his desk, fire in his eyes, dictionary in hand, and one thing on his small mind — revenge. However, Claudius used his football training to evade Busto's attack. Like a cat, Claudius moved in for the kill. Busto stood frightened. When he realized he had been beaten, he screamed again — this time in pain. Claudius had inflicted the ultimate punishment. Busto was forced to sing a Latin Christmas Carol in front of the class.

At first, he began slowly. Fear was evident in his eyes, but as he progressed, the tones became sweeter and more melodious. By the time the bell rang, the class was mollified. Claudius had finally achieved quiet in class, and I had made it through another day in Latin Class, the living Hell.

Jesuit

by Frank D. Mastandrea (senior)

I came here wide-eyed and apprehensive.
With a blue bonnet on my head, I was introduced to Jesuit.
I lost many classmates that year; they didn't understand.
I learned to work that year, and I learned to like it.
My mother was concerned, though; I was working too hard, she said.
That was a long year and a hard one.

I knew it all now; hell, I was a sophomore.
The teachers all looked familiar and I knew the campus well.
I no longer had to hide in the library,
and I could go to football games and dances.
I realized for the first time that no girls were on campus,
and I missed them.
We grew too proud, though, and said we didn't like the school,
and some believed us.
That's how we lost some more of my class.

Now we were truly a class, the Junior Class.
We had made it through two years,
and we weren't going to give up now.
We were indecisive, though, because we weren't seniors yet.
Suddenly in Spanish class we had to speak Spanish;
I didn't know that was the idea.
Oh, and who could forget Chemistry?
Who could stay awake long enough to forget?
Then we found out that we were going to lose some people:
they still hadn't learned.
Now we are seniors. It was a long road.
As I look at the freshman, I see a child that I must have once been.
I am so knowledgeable now, though, I can feel the man in me,
the man I have become.
We were taught much in the short years we have been here.
Now is the time to think of a future, of a college and career.
Now is the time for us to enjoy who we are
and what we have become.
Senior year is for fun, for our learning is done;
the lessons have been learned.
Each of us, if asked by others if we like the school,
will deny it.
We are lying, though, because inside we know we love the school
and what it stands for.
It took us four years to learn here,
and it will take a lifetime to remember it.

IPS LAB

by Ted Ruffolo (freshman)

IPS! Our lab is a sorry mess.
Ruffolo is to blame, I guess.
Each day he is doing less and less
To keep the place at its best.
The balance is out of true.
The alcohol burner needs a screw.
The desk is covered with glue.
The test tubes are filled with residue.
Bottles in wild confusion thrown
Assume an order all their own.
Cylinders and graduates have flown.
The water tap has blown.
Fr. Kidwell is soon to find,
The place is fifty years behind.
I hope the administration puts its mind
To bringing our lab back to time.

Physics Phunnies

compiled and edited
by Kyle Prue and Steve Stichter

On Physics:

"Physics is like two cars moving down the highway. The one in front is going 45 mph, and the one in back is going 70 mph, and the one in back never catches the one in front . . . It's true — try it!"

"We're not learning anything; we're just horsing around in the shop."

"Physics is nothing. It's like a piece of a sandwich in a grocery store."

On Bringing the Necessary Materials to Class:

"I'd rather you be eating a sandwich on Himes Avenue than not have your equipment."

On Carelessness in Experiments:

"You'd better get this right before you have a wreck in your own backyard."

On Being Good Students:

"You're not using what you have in your brain; you're just twiddling with my diddy-whickies (carts)."

On Homework:

"Doing problems in ink — that's to impress people" "If you don't know what you are doing, don't ask the grocer, ask me."

"You don't want to find a formula for the dynamics of the universe; you want to go to the show tonight."

On the Schedule:

"This class doesn't meet on Day 6, so I'll see you on Day 7."

On Expensive Labs:

"Do you think Newton had a lab? He was lucky if he went outside and the yard was level."

On Graphs:

"You need some variation or your graph will look like a dead turtle."

On Life:

"There's nothing more dangerous than a guy walking the streets who thinks he knows something."

"If you flunk out, you can always come back and become a teacher."

"You can do anything with your life. You can make it exciting or you can make it boring by selling sandwiches on the corner."

"There's nothing like doing something without trying it."

(NOTE: The thoughts you have just read are direct quotations from our Physics teacher, Mr. Rosetti.)

The Forever War (continued)

"Well, thank you very much," I said. "It has been a pleasure seeing you again. Too bad I'm not on vacation."

"We'll meet again very soon, I hope. Goodbye."

"So long."

As I sped toward the airport on the commuter tram, I realized that the easy part of my mission was over. Now, I had to enter the Soviet Union.

The plane ride to Finland was short, so I hadn't much time to get my false papers and identification ready.

When I arrived at the airport in Helsinki, I met a man named Michael A. Saint who was to pose as a KGB escort. We took a private plane from there and flew into Vyborg where we split up. I didn't know where Michael went after that, but I had a feeling that he couldn't be harmed. I continued on as a Soviet businessman, taking the train from Vyborg into Leningrad.

The ride was slow and boring; the countryside was cold and dark. The skies were grey, and the trees were still leafless. Leningrad was a bit more exciting; many people were hustling and bustling about, yet most of the stores were closed.

As I walked toward the hotel, suddenly there appeared a huge vehicle on tank treads rambling noisily through the streets. It had loudspeakers on it which played the Soviet national anthem and shouted pro-government slogans. Many of the citizens followed it about, creating a parade of propaganda.

I checked into the hotel soon after that and found the rooms to be unusually cheap; this puzzled me, for I was told that they would cost a fortune. I didn't want to ask the clerk about this for fear of suspicion, but he spoke up and said, "Money is no longer important for we'll all be rich soon, eh, comrade?"

I stayed there and observed the culture for a few days, but I could not get much information because, for some reason, all television and radio networks were jammed. The people on the streets didn't feel like talking much, and when they did, they answered in cryptic sentences just as the hotel manager did. I did discover, though, that a big event was to occur in Red Square on June 6.

Therefore, I left Leningrad early on the fifth of June so that I would be able to see the event that was to take place the day after.

On the train to Moscow, I met up with an unscheduled contact from the West. He seemed quite nervous and spoke no words. He simply bumped into me and slipped a mini-shortwave radio into my pocket. This relieved me somewhat; now I could hear what was happening on the outside for the first time in over a week.

Upon arrival in Moscow, I promptly checked into a hotel, which, to my surprise, was free, went to my room, and turned on the radio. As I had expected, nothing new was happening back home except an increase in Neo-Christian demonstrations.

I wandered the streets like a common citizen for a while and saw many strange things. First, the loudspeaker tanks were everywhere. Their music and slogans filled the air with noise. Second, the people themselves all seemed very nervous, excited, and frightened at the same time. And lastly, all stores and shops were closed; people were simply wandering

around in groups having furtive discussions among themselves.

After almost blowing my cover trying to hear what these people had to say to one another, I found out that the leader was to make his first public appearance the next day at 6:00 a.m. I knew that I could not miss this for the world. There would be millions of people there, so I would have to get a head start and leave early.

That night, just before I left the hotel, I took my radio with me in case an opportunity opened up for me to use it.

The crowd gathered around a large pool in the middle of the Square, and when morning came, it seemed that there were a billion people there.

In the dawn's early light, I noticed that even though there were so many people, the Square was silent except for the booming loudspeakers.

Then, at 6:00, the action began; from the pool, a domed platform arose. I knew that inside it, the Supreme Commander of the Soviet powers was waiting.

The crowd became tense; many of the women began to faint, and children cried. The men strained forward as if their lives depended upon it. Suddenly, the loudspeakers became silent, and apparently all the electricity in Moscow was shut off, but the anxious crowd seemed oblivious to that. All their senses focused on the hemisphere over the water.

Silently, the dome opened. One man, dressed in a dark red and black robe, stood on the platform. And then he spoke,

"("My name is Legion, for we are many!")

Some screamed, others fainted, still others cheered, but I was horrified. This phrase shook me up so much that I did something that was to change my life forever. I dropped my radio, and on impact, it switched on. It was turned to Radio London. This is what I heard before I ran:

". . . reports are confirmed. The first volley of nuclear missiles is on its way here. I beg you, find a shelter, and pray to God. There is not much time left . . ."

I didn't know what was going on behind me as I pushed my way through the crowd. When I finally broke free, I noticed there were many men dressed in black chasing me. They were the officers of the KGB, I thought.

I easily found a mode of transportation, for most of the vehicles had their keys still in them. I quickly jumped into an old bus and drove off as black arrows whistled by my head.

I drove as fast as I could for about fifteen minutes. Then the retaliatory missiles came. It was strange, though: they detonated miles above the ground and their fury remained there. Their billowing clouds blocked the sun and turned the sky blood-red.

Looking behind me, I saw no Soviet police, so I pulled off to the side of the highway onto a desolate field. My emotions were running wild. There I was, in the midst of a nuclear war. Where I stood, the ground was grey and the sky was red; all else appeared black. I thought I was going crazy.

Then he appeared. He was the man on the platform, the Soviet emperor. "What do you want with me?" he screamed. Then he laughed a hideous laugh.

For some unknown reason, a rage overcame me in the midst of my fright, and I ran to attack him with a staff I found lying in the grass.

Then he changed. His transformation stopped me in my tracks; I thought that I had died. His pale blue eyes turned color to match the bloody sky. Then he grew. He grew to a height of thirty feet, then kept growing more slowly. Two huge ram's horns shot out of his massive skull and pointed toward the sky. His robe became living material as two great bat-like wings unfolded behind him. His muscles grew to a giant's proportions and his breath turned to fire as he shouted, "I have won! The universe is mine!"

My mind was reeling; I had to be insane. The look of horror on my face must have been unparalleled—until I took a second glance at his. He stared at the horizon behind me. I turned.

From an opening in the sky, marched the Heavenly Host of millions. The time had come; then all went black . . .

After that battle, Evil had again been defeated, and the celestial army had recruited more warriors to march among the already omnipotent ranks. I became one of these warriors; now, I exist to fight for the forces of good—to eliminate evil. I have found sanctuary and am fulfilled. I will retain this position of power and glory until the end of time. Another battle will commence soon, so I must go. ■

The Last of Prue's Haikus

White, delicate flakes
Floating effortlessly down;
Resting on the ground.

Late, almost midnight,
But outside it is daylight.
On top of the world.

The smell of sea breeze
The taste of a salty mist
Sand between your toes.

Blowing in the wind
Tall, green, thin, saber-like fronds
Fluffy, golden plumes.

Why

by Tate Garrett (senior)

As I stand upon this cliff and think of what has been,
I see my slaughtered family
and all my murdered friends.

My mind is filled with black despair,
my body wracked with grief,
My tribe has been destroyed. I am no longer chief.

Was it only hours ago I rose to greet the dawn,
And went to take a morning walk,
and saw a tiny fawn?

I slowly moved to pet him
and his fur was soft as down.
His gaze was total innocence,
his eyes deep pools of brown.

Suddenly, I heard a noise like thunder, quite close by.
I jumped and looked around,
but there were no clouds in the sky.

And then I heard the sounds of far-off screaming,
shrieks, and moans.

I turned towards the village,
and ran to save my home.

But I returned too late,
for the whole village was ablaze.

I could not find a living soul in all the smoke
and haze.

I called my wife and children
as I stumbled through the flames,
But all of them were dead,
and could not answer to their names.

So now I am an empty shell and can no longer cry.
I stand upon the cliff of stone and only wonder why.
I wish to do just one more thing
before my turn to die:

I must go find the men in blue,
and ask the reason why.

I'll ask the ones who did this, and find the reason why.

"Hey, Pete, look! There's some loony Injun
walking right at us."

"I'll fix that."

"There ain't no way you could hit him from here."

"Watch me."

"Well, I'll be damned!

Pete, how'd you get to be such a good shot?"

"I dunno. Lots of practice, I reckon."

Bureed Trezre (continued)

The officials paid them no mind.

Children will be children.

The city people looked high and low, left and right, puzzled.

"Taken by the tide," they concluded before departing.

And they departed.

The children watched them disappear, eyes wide,

hearts racing, anxious to liberate their captive friend. And finally, the coast was clear.

Their hands dug fiercely at the sandy mound, their legs kicked furiously at the imprisoning heap of earth, and when they touched flesh, they slowed down, digging more cautiously, not wanting to hurt him, and teams of children relayed water to wash the clinging granules from his skin, and they said hello to him, and they asked him how he slept, and they watched for city people, planned the night's burial, and pulled a blanket over his sunburnt chest. ■

Realism

by Marcelo Gonzalez (senior)

Pete and Buddy entered the classroom (the same classroom they had for the past three years of their history courses) and sat in their usual seats (first seats, second and third rows). They expected the teacher, the infamous "Dr. Doom," as they called him, to show up any minute. The late bell was about three minutes away.

They noticed some remnants of the previous school year: books on war and social education sitting on the blackboard ledge, paintings of oil derricks and spies and newborn babies on the walls, and posters of scholarships and nuclear weapons on the corkboard by the front door. For them it was the same old setting.

"This really sucks," said Pete as he casually slumped back in his desk with his legs spread out on the floor. "I can't handle another year of this guy. Man, my brother told me that Contemporary Studies really sucks! He says it's tons worse than American History."

"Yeah," replied Buddy, "the juniors have this new guy, uhh, Mr. McChin."

"Yeah, I bet ya he's easy, too."

"Probably. He just got out of college and stuff. Hey, listen. Did ya see that new babe in chapel today?"

"Yeah! Man, I wonder where she came from!"

"I heard all kinds of stuff about her."

"Yeah, like what?"

"Well, Sam told me . . ."

"Sam who?"

"Sam Austen."

"Oh, okay."

"Yeah, well, anyway, he said that she's a secretary or something. You know, probably since Mrs. Cavalini isn't here this year, she took her place."

"I hope so."

"Hey, look! Here comes Brian and Kevin."

The young students greeted each other in the usual teenage manner. They partook in conversations using

the usual teenage jargon. With handslaps, friendly shoves, and a few chuckles they talked and reviewed each other's summer activities.

The late bell was about a minute away.

Everybody in the class was now settling down as was customary at this point between class bells. The four friends were sitting in a square of desks with Brian behind Buddy and Kevin behind Pete. Buddy and Pete were turned around so they could talk with and listen to the other two boys.

"I don't know why we have to take this stupid class," says Kevin. "I'm going to get out of here if I can."

"Yeah, me too. I think coach Plituski's teaching this class, too," says Brian.

"I don't care," replies Buddy. "I mean, this is senior year, guys. They can't fail us. I'm not doing any work in here."

"Yeah."

The front door opened, and the teacher walked in. Someone in the back surprisingly gasped, "Oh boy."

Pete and Buddy whirled around and they, along with the rest of the class, stared in sheer shock at the teacher. The class was dead silent; you could hear a pin drop. They gaped . . . gaped at her, the teacher — the **new** teacher! No one knew that **she** would be their new teacher.

She was a tall, well-shaped woman in her mid-twenties. She had long ash-brown hair and blue eyes. She wore a white V-neck blouse that hung loosely on her and that showed the corners of her firm and supple breasts. She wore no bra. Her light, sweet-smelling perfume prevailed the class, grasping the students in a hypnotic trance. Nobody could take his eyes off her.

She placed her books down on her desk and turned to them, softly saying, "Good morning, class."

Nobody could say a word. Nobody, except Buddy who mumbled in a low voice (as if it were his last breath of air), "Oh boy."

The late bell rang.

O smooth and steady brook
So clear and pure.
Yet, nearer, it bears the stench of man.
And after rain, so dark and cloudy
With raging torrents.
But once again clear and calm.
Yet, throughout, the stench of man remains.

by Len Boston (senior)

Once upon a circle, in a land not far from your nearest theatre, there was a moo-moo cat, a conservative moo-moo cat. He cut the budget; he wore fancy mittens; he had Meow Mix every night for supper. He was oooh so trendy, and loved by nearly everyone in his kingdom.

It happened upon one shiny day that moo-moo cat happened to be strolling through the brush and he came upon an exceptionally unusual sight.

"Perplexing," thought he.

"Innovative."

"Trendy."

"Naaah."

In the brush, below a tuft of decomposing leaves, there lay a mother bird, a wuf-wuf bird to be specific, teaching a puppy wuf-wuf the finer points of the alphabet. "It's cute," thought moo-moo, "but much too perplexing." And so our friendly Mr. Moo-Moo continued about his business, soon forgetting about our bird and the a, b, c's.

He had a meeting with Tuff-Tuff the camel, executive desk placer in charge of gum wrangling. They discussed the situation in Guam, but decided not to.

The day progressed much the same for Mr. Moo-Moo cat, with similar important meetings clustering the hours of the days. And so, at nighttime he took a walk through a generally forgotten area of the kingdom.

What a beautiful but far too perplexing picture appeared to Mr. Moo-Moo. All around in the sage, which was dried out, except for a small representation of life that appeared at the ends, was a covey of wuf-wuf birds like the ones he had seen that morning. There seemed, as he had once seen on MV (mammal-vision), to be a trial of some sort going on. Upon a pedestal there sat the most beautiful wuf-wuf bird that our moo-moo had ever set his peepers on. On its bosom was the scarlet letter "A", covered in fine embroidery.

found himself in the midst of many a wuf-wuf bird.
Until one day . . .

He came upon the same covey of birds in the same part of the kingdom. But now the brush was green, bustling with life, and a popular nightspot. The population had doubled or even tripled. Once again there was a wuf-wuf on a pedestal, the embroidery glistening in the sun.

"Teflon," screamed one irate wuf-wuf.

"Kill her," screamed moo-moo.

Moo died, but in three years — that's twenty-one for you and me — his descendants returned. They too, after a stay of four or five years, were eaten by the wuf-wuf in its fierce savagery. But in a few years they returned.

The radius remains the same today.

"Listen here, ye gossips," rang clear the voice of one bird, "this woman has transgressed to sin, and truly doth she deserve to be punished. But prithee, ye wenches, do ye seek death upon this betrayed soul? Betrayed by her love for a man that **society** said she wasn't supposed to love? Truly, had she not held the young babe in her arms at this very moment, but only a memory of its predetermined death, then ye could, with reason, scream 'Death!'. Not that it would prove any goodness for ye, for two deaths seem neither fitting nor likely, but surely have ye no reason for beckoning death upon her."

"He speaks wisdom," screamed one.

"Truly," echoed another.

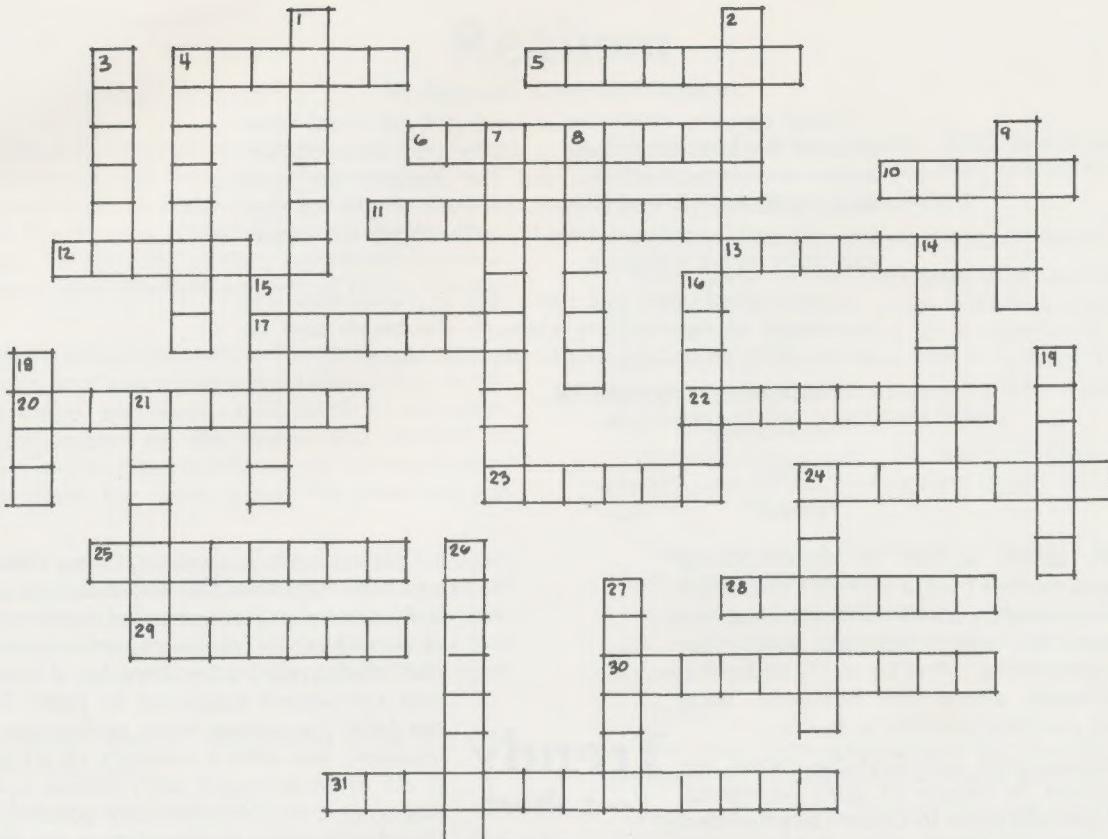
"Teflon," screamed one irate wuf-wuf.

"And furthermore," he continued, "society can be no judge in matters such as this; let the Great Wuf-Wuf be the final arbiter. Thou art no judge."

"Kill her!" screamed moo-moo.

At once the covey of wuf-wufs, thinking they were outnumbered, scattered. Moo-moo gave no pursuit and soon forgot the incident.

As the weeks passed into years, moo-moo cat



Crossword

by Greg Jennings
Matt Costa
and Sean McKenna
(sophomores)

This puzzle is about some of our teachers' habits and sayings. Answers appear below.

ACROSS

4. "Sellin' deviled crabs on the corner"
5. "How ya doin', tiga?"
6. "Don't read into the question . . . if I taught it to you it's on the test."
10. "Today, we will discuss certain criteria, and . . . Russel, shut up or I'll give you a P.M."
11. Some say he resembles a cartoon character
12. "As Dr. Carl Sagan once said . . ."
13. "Low man wins," as he slides across the classroom
17. "It's just not like in Dallas."
20. "Never, in all my years of teaching, has anyone talked while I'm at the board."
22. "Peace, bro!"
23. It's Howdy Doody time
24. "Down, Boy!"
25. "Today's Don Bosco day because it's the feast of St. . . ."
28. Some say he resembles a science fiction character
29. "You are a very agitated class today; sit down."
30. "You have to know that 9227 times."
31. "Lights flash, bells ring, and it oughta hit ya right between the eyes."

DOWN

1. "Muy Bien!" . . . "Caught you with your pants down"
2. "I.P.S. can be fun!"
3. "If you don't pay the fiddler, you can't dance."
4. "What's your problem?!?" . . . "QUIET!" . . . "Go away" . . . "Leave me alone"
7. "Our Lady of Good Studies, pray for us."
8. "That's life, I mean, what can I say?"
9. "Are there any problems or questions with this?"
14. "I don't like basketball players" . . . "or what have you" . . . "How 'bout dem Bills?"
15. "Falling off the proverbial log (or paddle/mice/men)"
16. "Let us pray."
18. "What do you mean do you have to know it? Of course you have to know it!"
19. "I'll see ya in Room 307 after school."
21. "Neva Happen!" . . . laughingly call a quiz
24. "Bzzzzzzzz" . . . "Jesus, Holy Holy"
26. "OOOOO HOOOO"
27. "If you don't do your homework now, you'll miss the boat."

ACROSS: 4. Rosete 5. Jareau 6. Blackburn 10. Solak 11. Hartnett 13. Jasinski 17. Callery 20. Armstrong 22. Dickey 23. Dooley 24. Perez 25. Peleguin 28. Kidwell 29. Igballs 30. Ann Connors 31. Martha Connors 32. Hernandez 33. Leneide 34. Roussea 35. Schott 16. Hendry 18. Mann 19. Lester 21. Samzer 24. Hiddle 26. Hyppolite 27. Blancco.
DOWN: 1. Jenkins 2. Payne 3. Leneide 4. Roussea 7. Ann Raymond 8. Kennedy 9. Sabini 14. Swierat 15. Schott 16. Hendry 18. Mann 19. Lester 22. Hernandez 23. Dooley 24. Perez 25. Peleguin 26. Hyppolite 27. Blancco.

